Vol 5 No 2

# The CAMOSUN

JANUARY
1913

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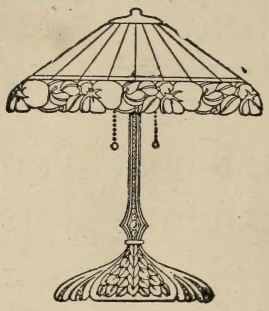

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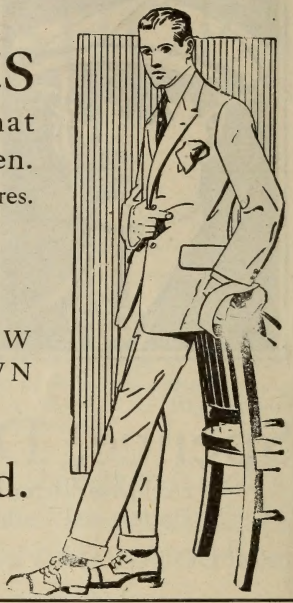

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# The Camosun

VOLUME V. JANUARY *1913* NUMBER 3

*Published Monthly by the Students of Victoria High School and College*

## *Editorial Staff*

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Associate Editors—Edith Harte, Claude E. Emery, Robert S. O'Meara.

Society Editors—Emma Gonnason (College), Erma Cessford (High School)

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All communications should be addressed care of Business Manager, Victoria High School. The Board will pay no attention to anonymous letters.

Advertisers are asked to leave copy at the Acme Press by the 28th of each month.

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# A Yukon New Year

IT was during the last days of the year 1896 that the little mining camp of Alvonaseb was aroused by the startling news of the arrival of a piano from the Old Country. Soon it became known that the instrument was to occupy the place of honour in a typical Yukon shack, owned and run by one Gentleman Jim, a man who evidently had come of good stock, but whose past was hidden. As it was he had an air of distinction, which the rough miners were quick to perceive, so they dubbed him "Gentleman Jim."

The arrival of the piano caused great excitement, and it took nearly a week to get this wonder on its legs, during which the profits of the saloon increased twofold. Of course everybody knew how it should be set up. One individual, called Lawyer Bill, who had also moved in society, offered to lend a music book, while the most veritable rough in the camp rendered assistance by suggesting where the back legs should go; and another brought a pair of blankets for a cover. At last it was in condition for business.

But, alas! the call for a musician was not so nobly responded to, and as the days wore on not a soul appeared who would volunteer to play it. It was indeed a splendid chance for someone to become the most esteemed person in the camp, but no one grasped the opportunity. Gentleman Jim already had a banjo player and fiddler, so that a pianist would have given him a three-piece orchestra. The excitement gradually died away under the welcome news of a rich strike of gold, but it again reached fever heat when it was reported 'round town that one of the new boys had told his friend he could play. But on being questioned he asumed a surprised demeanor and vowed that he didn't know a single note of music. But it was noted that whenever he played cards he always chose the table next to the piano, which he would gaze at lovingly and longingly. New Year's Eve had arrived once more and though Gentleman Jim was far from his old home in Merry England, he loved to keep the old customs which brought back so many remembrances of his happy childhood days. So he had decorated his den with branches of Canadian spruce, intermingled with sprigs of red-berried shrub, and as he looked around it seemed as if he were back in his old home again; and he sighed when he thought of "what might have been." But these thoughts were soon brushed away and all that was needed to fill his cup of contentment was a player for his piano; so, getting a piece of charcoal, he wrote in a good though shaky hand:

**"$50 Paid to a Competent Piano-Player."**

This he stuck up on the rafter, but up to midnight it failed to draw a musician.

Though no one appeared it didn't interfere with the merrymakers. Men played cards and drank while others sang songs and danced to the accompaniment of the squeaky fiddle and screeching banjo. The noise and hilarity was so great that the howling and whistling of the

wind outside did not disturb them. Suddenly the merry roysterers became aware of a hunch-backed old man with a silvery beard and weather drenched garments, crouching over the cheerful log fire which spluttered and smoked like a beef steak frizzling. The very presence of this stranger, who seemed to have brought in a bit of the outside world with him, cast a gloom over the merrymakers. The stranger ordered hot gin and water and then fell to work on some roast bear. As soon as his inner man became satisfied, he began to look around, and in reply to a question, he answered in a weak, faltering voice that he had been out staking a claim and got caught in the storm during which he was without food for three days and was giving up hope when he stumbled upon the camp.

"What have you got the place decorated for?" he asked.

"For New Year's, don't you know."

"Aye, New Year's, sure 'nuff," he replied in a thoughtful voice, looking around. His abstracted gaze lit on the piano, and, starting up, he said, "Where's the player, I used to play when I was young!"

Gentleman Jim nearly fainted at this admission. "Stranger do tackle it, nary a man in this camp has had the nerve to thrumb it."

Without a word the old man sat down on a candle box and the room became suddenly hushed as men stopped gambling and drinking. The player looked up to the ceiling for inspiration, and then—no sooner had he touched a single chord than he had the heart and soul of his listeners.

The player wandered off into the dearly loved old ballads. All the sad, melancholy and touching songs of the long ago he played.

As the strains of music flowed one upon the other the listeners, in their mind's eye, saw the homes of their childhood. They recalled the heather of the Scottish hills, and the sheep far down in the mountain glen. The English hamlets and sullen roar of the sea on the shores of old Ireland. Then came all the English carols. How vividly they saw the kindly old minister bending over his text, while behind him sat the self-conscious choir. Then the remorseless performer planted his final stab in every heart and soul with "Home, Sweet Home."

It was ended! Men gazed at him in awe, and then slunk to the door, each determined to sneak off to his cabin and write the old folk a letter of cheer.

The mysterious player all at once sank to the ground and gasped, "Send for the priest, I am dying," and as Gentleman Jim made for the door he heard the old man in his delirium mutter, "Hazeline forgive me when I am dead."

When he returned with the Father they tiptoed into the saloon, for who knew but that they might be in the presence of death. "He's gone," Gentleman Jim cried in alarm. "Gone," he muttered, pulling out the till, "with five thousand." And yet, as he turned to his astonished companion, a wistful smile gleamed on his face as he said, "That man is no greater thief than I, and though I have lost five thousand

dollars, this evening has been well worth it to me. For his playing has brought back old times to me and reminds me of my true position in life. As soon as I have sold my claim I'll start for the Motherland."

"Ah," said the priest, "as you say, it is not too late to return to the narrow path; may the blessing of God be with you."

Three months after Gentleman Jim had left the camp, the new owner of the saloon found a false beard under the favoured piano, and then the miners remembered they had not seen the man who always gazed so wistfully at the instrument since New Year's day, 1897. —Robert Hamilton.

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## HIGH SCHOOL LIFE.

Jump out of bed in the morning gray,
Your toilet arrange with speed;
A time for pleasure, a time for play;
Hark! hark! to the bell, away! away!
To your studies give good heed,
'Neath the roof of the school in youth's springtide,
Your mind is stored for life's long ride.

And hurrah! the bell has tolled at noon
The hour of pleasure high;
'Neath a shady oak in its cloak of June
You eat your lunch—you hum a tune—
A game, how the ball doth fly!
You rest a while on the bank's green side,
Your body's equipped for life's rough ride.

Again the bell tolls the evening hour,
In the west is the glowing sun,
And you take your way by street and moor,
By the stately hall and the cottage poor,
By the bridge where the stream doth run;
You reach your home, by your mother's side
You look upon life as a pleasant ride.

And now, oh stranger! list unto me,
Youth seems like a fiery steed;
The thought is noble, the will is free,
Rejoicing in its own majesty,
Plans many a noble deed;
Courage and knowledge are then allied
Ready for life's most glorious ride.

The teacher to youth is a bridle-rein,
That guides aright life's way;
And while at the game our muscles we strain,
Or bend at the desk and knowledge drain.
Our chances are highest today.
And in after years we shall look with pride
If we win, for life is a noble ride.—By Edna Marwick, Prel.

# Chinese Home Life

IT is a very common thing nowadays to meet Westerners who seem to be greatly puzzled by the Chinaman, and ask some very ridiculous questions concerning his home life. From books, without doubt, they have learned a great deal, but in six out of ten cases, have misunderstood. For those who are interested in knowing of Chinese home life I shall give a few facts.

The order of the Chinese family depends entirely on the patriarchal system. All live in one house or in several small houses close by, under one head of the family. Consequently the individual gainings go to a common purse. All sit at the same table and will live under one roof as long as the head of the family lives, and each will execute his or her duty harmoniously.

A visitor can easily distinguish the ranks in a family by hearing the conversation among them, for the Chinese have a clearer language in distinguishing their relations, as they have a profound respect for the family tie. The juniors, in addressing their seniors always name their respective titles.

The houseword "home" in Chinese has a fuller sense than the word "home" in English. It is supposed to denote (as the picture of the word does) a house, under the roof of which, three persons are living together. The mother is generally known as the gentle one who pacifies the family troubles and the word for it has the same indication.

A man from a village is publicly regarded as spotless and inexperienced to the wordly craftiness. Indeed he should be a man of good character for in his early days, all the people with whom he comes into close contact are more or less relatives; and every elder betakes to himself the duty in guiding juniors. In China, unlike America, a traveller, on being insulted by a group of uncontrollable lads, has only to go to any elder and relate the matter to him. He will soon find these offenders and inflict punishment upon them proportionately to the injury.

The Confucian principles including loyalty to the state, filial piety, fraternal love and confidence in friendship are pre-eminent and can easily be traced in a Chinese mind. The love of home and relatives in an ordinary family is exalted to a passion.

Not until the very recent years the Western and Eastern peoples began to come into close contact. They misunderstood one another's intention and suspicions were existing in both parties. The Westerner called the Chinese a half-civilized man for being ignorant of the European customs and rites; on the other hand, a Chinese called an Occidental barbarian for not having inherited the philosophy, arts and science from his own ancestors. But in fact the etiquette is only a conventional set of rules, adopted by what is called good society, and many of the rules are the essence of rudeness. The European nations are really young in civilization compared with China.

ALREADY we have entered on another new year. To some of us it does not seem like one since we are accustomed to begin the year's work in Septemebr. If it is not too late, we wish all our readers and friends a happy and successful year. This is a time when resolutions are, according to tradition, at least, accustomed to be made. Among others which may have been made by our friends we would suggest to them the following which can be kept without difficulty, we hope: Resolved, that I will do my best to make the "Camosun" a real, "live" school paper, and will give it all the assistance I can both by buying a copy regularly and by using my pen. The staff wants all students not directly atached to the paper to feel they have a right to do something for it and have also a real interest in it.

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The cover design this month should appeal to hockey "fans." It was drawn by C. Hazeltine, our staff artist, who also contributed the page of cartoons.

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Our leading story this issue is one of those submitted for the Xmas prize story competition, by Robert Hamilton. We are very pleased to be able to publish it.

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This time we have a contribution from one of our Chinese students, George K. Lee, of the Matriculation year. It gives us pleasure to include this article, which shows us our Oriental friends have a real interest in the "Camosun" and in the work of the school.

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Sincerest sympathy is extended by the "Camosun" to the family and relatives of Ray Brewster, our Assistant Business Manager, who during the vacation was called to sustain the death of his mother. Also to our friend Arthur Todd, we wish to express our deep sympathy with him and his family in their sad loss by which he was bereft of his mother.

Say! Have you noticed the latest fad or fashion, which seems to have seized Victoria's younger generation, especially the girls? You see it is very becoming to carry a pair of skates with you when you go down town—it attracts so much attention, too, don't you know.

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Our enterprising young friend, Eric Gordon, thought he would make things interesting last year by running a daily sporting periodical which rejoiced in the appropriate name of the "Daily Shovel." It certainly lived up to its name, and was published on the blackboard of the science-room. Unhappily there was a scarcity of coin to finance this scheme, and it slowly pined away and gave place to "The Camosun."

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It is extremely gratifying to the Editorial Staff of the "Camosun" to know that our Christmas issue has been widely circulated in both Canada and the United States—several copies even found their way to the Old Country. The following list, while incomplete, indicates in an inadequate way some of the geographical points visited by our popular paper: British Columbia—Clinton, Cobble Hill, Kamloops, Nicola, New Westminster, Nanaimo, Penticton, Rossland, Vancouver. Ontario—Belleville, Brockville, Hamilton, London, Port Hope, Toronto. Manitoba—Winnipeg. Saskatchewan—Saskatoon. Washington (U.S.A.)—Ellensburg, Pt. Roberts, Snohomish, Walla-Walla. California—San Diego, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Berkeley. Oregon (U.S.A.)—Portland. England—Leeds, Addle, Stratford-on-Avon, Scilly Island.

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A woodpecker lit on a Freshman's head
And settled down to drill.
He bored away for half a day,
And then he broke his bill.

* * * * *

**A Lesson in Roman History.**

"Who can tell us about Nero?"
Asked the teacher. "Who was he?
Was he a king, a god, or hero?
Not a hand is raised I see!
Must I give you all a zero
In your Roman History?"
Up jumped Mary Ann McLeero,
Full of eagerness was she;
"I know, teacher! I know Nero!
It's Nero, my God to thee."

—Ex.

# SOCIETY.

ON Friday, December 19th, 1912, Miss Whelan entertained the pupils of Commercial A and B at the Alexandra Club. The evening was spent playing games, the winners being Miss Lillian Watson and Robert Bruce. Mr. James Hector distinguished himself by carrying off the booby prize. The apartments were tastefully decorated and the charming manner of the hostess did much to make the time fly only too fact. Late in the evening Miss Whelan was presented with a jewel case on behalf of the pupils of Commercial A and B. The presentation was made by Mr. Spenser Dee, who in his speech thanked Miss Whelan for the untiring interest she had taken in the classes during the past term. At about midnight the party broke up. Among those present were: Misses Whelan, Lilian Watson, Lottie Miles, Mitchell, Hilda Longland, Hilda Stemler, Lilian Mercer and May Bryant; Messrs. George Miles, Spenser Dee, Baker, Paul Slater, Eric Jackson, Percy Moir, Donald McIntyre and Robert Bruce.

* * * * *

A few of her young school friends spent the evening of December 30th, 1912, with Miss Winnifred Hauck, of Mary Street. The evening was passed in dancing and card games. Those present were: Misses Florence Smith, Margaret Redding, Bessie Fawcett, and Messrs. Caryl Hazeltine, Fred Beckwith, Gordon Johns and Joseph Lucier.

* * * * *

A very enjoyable dance was given by Mrs. Redding in honour of her daughter, Margaret, in Semple's Hall, Langford Street, on the 12th of December. A dainty supper was served at midnight, after which dancing was resumed and kept up until an early hour. Among those present were: Misses Glover, Grace Cameron, Dorothy Colby, Winnifred Hauck, Florence Smith, Muriel Goudie, Madeleine Smith, Nina Rideout, Amy Tait, Hazel Tait, Margaret and Elsie Redding; and Messrs. Milton and Stuart Newitt, Caryl Hazeltine, Peter and Kenneth McCarter, James Brown, E. Hamilton, Fred Walker, W. Foxwell, Brennan, Brown and Mulcahy.

Miss Bessie Fawcett entertained a few of her friends at the home of her parents, "Dingley Dell," Craigflower Road, on December 10th, 1912. Those who were present were: Misses Winnifred Hauck, Olive Fawcett, Florence Smith and Messrs. Neil McDiarmid, Reggie Litchfield, James Brown and Victor Fawcett.

* * * * *

The members of the High School Girls' Hockey Team enjoyed a very delightful tea given by their President, Mr. H. P. Hope, at the Empress, on Friday, December 20th, 1912. The table was very prettily decorated with red carnations and in the centre was placed the Thompson Hockey Cup, which the team now holds. Those who composed the merry group were: Mrs. and Miss Barbara Hope, Misses Sibyl King, Madge Hampton, Edna Finland, Nellie Falconer, Gladys Ramlose, Florence Smith, Winnifred Hauck, Joan Burrell, Grace Burrell, Erma Cessford and Mr. H. P. Hope.

* * * * *

Miss Doris Holmes, of Esquimalt Road, entertained at a delightful dance the day after New Year's, in honour of Miss Marjorie Holmes, who has been teaching at Crofton.

* * * * *

On New Year's night a most enjoyable dance was given by Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Cameron at their pretty new home on Moss Street. The dance was given in honour of Miss Charlotte Betterton, of Seattle, who was spending a few days with her friends. At midnight dainty refreshments were served. Among those present were. Misses Kathleen Delaney and Frances Caulkins, of Seattle; Misses Brampton, Blossom Hanna, Mavis Hanna, Maude Nason, Mildred Chrow, Lotus Griffith, Lillian Johnson, Kathleen Moore, Erma Cessford, and Messrs. Harry Wooton, Jack O'Keefe, Cedric Toughy, Porter Breck, F. G. C. Wood, Nichol, D. O. Cameron, Marshall Henderson, Aubrey Jones.

* * * * *

On Tuesday, December 31st, Miss Maude Nason, of Foul Bay Road, entertained a few of her friends at a tea. Among those present were: Misses Kathleen Delaney, Charlotte Betterton, Lillian Johnson, Aileen Bowron and Erma Cessford.

* * * * *

On Saturday evening, January 4, Miss Daisy Halliday entertained a few friends at her home on Topaz Avenue, in honour of Miss May Moir and Miss Marguerite Beattie, who are students at the Normal School in Vancouver. The guests showed their skill in various games and a guessing contest in which Miss Kate Jackson was the fortunate winner of the prize. After partaking of a very dainty supper they indulged in dancing, Miss Jackson providing the music. Those present were: Misses Moir, Marguerite and Mildred Beattie, Jessie Bruskey, Kate Jackson, Beatrice Williscroft, Nellie and Rose Jones and Marion Kinnaird.

On the evening of December 30th, 1912, Miss Lily Wilson, of Russell Street, entertained a number of her friends. Music and games were the attractions of the evening. Those invited were Misses Ivy Evans, Hilda Jenkinson, Bertella Stewart, Donalda McKay, Frances Poage, Florence Smith, Julia Levis, Ruth Collister, Aileen Grimason, E. Whetstone, Edith Harte, Violet Watson, and Messrs. Jack Lewis, Procter McPherson, Leonard McBride, Budge Paul, Arthur McBride, H. Woodhouse, J. Shakespeare, J. Youson, Reggie Litchfield, Arthur Anderson and H. Jenkinson.

* * * * *

On the evening of Friday, January 3rd, Miss Emma Wille was hostess at an impromptu dance given at her home, Harrison Street. Cards occupied the first part of the evening and afterwards the floor was cleared and dancing was indulged in. About midnight refreshments were served and soon after the merry party broke up. Mrs. S. Thompson proved a capable chaperone in the absence of Mrs. Wille, who is enjoying a trip through Southern California. Those present were: Misses Winnifred Hauck, Leila Carson, Florence Smith, Freda Watt, Mildred Ellis, Sibyl King, Jessie King; and Messrs. William Cutler, Leonard McBride, Harry Hopkins, Neil McDiarmid, Fred Beckwith, E. Yoe, Carol Hazeltine and Roy Wille.

* * * * *

On Thursday, December 26th, the Daughters of Pity gave their annual Cinderella Ball at the Alexandra Club. The beautiful ballroom was decorated with holly and evergreens, and was thronged with many young people, some of whom wore fancy costumes. Splendid music was supplied by Miss Thain's orchestra. The following students of the Victoria College and High School, past and present, were noticed: Misses M. Taylor, Carson, Cessford, Smith, Redding, H. Kirk, Carey, M. Robertson, G. Scott, Clay, Gonnason, Harman, Robinson, Grimshaw, Greig, Balcom, MacEachern, L. MacEachern, E. Dumbleton, L. Dumbleton, M. MacEachern, J. Gordon, and Messrs. McDiarmid, Clay, Dowler, Yeo, Robinson, Cutler, Fort, Carey, Litchfield, Anderson, Casey, Hanington, M. Gordon, J. Brown and S. Yuill.

---

Janitor—"Say, missis, doan' dat feller up in No. 16 evah do no wuk?"

Landlady—"Nope; guess he must be one of them idle rumors I hear folks talkin' about."

* * * * *

"I want a nice book for an invalid."

"Something religious, madam?"

"Er—no—he's convalescent."

## RUGBY

SINCE the departure of the triumphant Vancouverites there has not been much sporting spirit left in the school. The junior Rugby team and the Shovels of Matric only seem unaffected by the prevailing gloom.

The first game the Juniors played was lost to the Collegiate School by a score of three to nothing. The High School had much the better of the general play, but although they were very close to it at times, they were unable to reach a score, and were so unfortunate as to lose through a lone effort by a Collegiate three-quarter, who made a great run and made the only points of the game.

Their second game was with the Matric B Shovels, and here also they were so unfortunate as to meet defeat again; the Shovels' weight and zeal proved too much for the Juniors, and, although playing only twenty minutes each way, with twelve men against fifteen, they scored twice, six points to nothing. After the enthusiasts with the sweaters decorated with white shovels had had their picture taken, and their yells let out, for they were determined to do the thing in style, the game began with Campbell manipulating the whistle and Sanson the hot air.

From the moment the whistle blew the Shovels started with a rush and it was soon seen that their opponents were quite out-classed. Their six forwards, who had never played the game before and were without proper boots held their own in the scrums against the opposing eight very well, and in the line-outs they also did good work, Hazeltine and Flitton being especially conspicuous. The Shovels' backs were much better than the Juniors,' and repeatedly made dangerous runs, until at length McDonald did score. The kick failed, and when the first half ended the score was still three to nothing.

In the second half the Juniors, for whom Wolsey and W. Drury were doing great work, managed to get within scoring distance a few times. On such occasions Sanson would form a hollow square and give vent to irresponsible ebullitions of hot air. Once in an excited argument with Drury of the Shovels he actually became so excited as to threaten to eradicate every lineament of his physiognomy. This,

however, was much ado about nothing, for the Shovels easily held the others off, and lest there should be any lingering hope in Sanson's mind Aird added three more points to the Shovels' score.

The Shovels lined up: Fullback, E. Drury; three-quarters, Cutler, Gordon, Aird, McDonald; half-back, Beckwith; forwards, Kerr, Fort, Hazeltine, Flitton, Simpson, Youlden.

The Juniors' other game was with the University School. The Juniors had greatly improved and were able to draw, three all, with the strong Mount Tolmie team, and at their own grounds. The High School points were scored by Carne after a long run of nearly three-quarters of the length of field. His try was perfectly clean-cut, while University's was rather doubtful, as many claimed that the runner was forced into touch before he appeared to score. Wolsey and Heyland starred on the forward line, while the University three-quarters rank showed a splendid combination.

### The Rooters' Club

The necessity of such an organization was seen when the Vancouver team was here, so that a meeting for the purpose of forming a club had a large and enthusiastic attendance. Mr. Yates was elected president, Len McBride yell leader, Jones vice-yell-leader, and Gordon secretary-treasurer. An entrance fee of twenty-five cents was adopted, and to date forty members have paid in that amount, as also were numerous promises from those whom Christmas had bankrupted. An order for yellow and black caps has been sent, and prizes of two dollars and one dollar offered for the two best yells handed in. After these have been presented the entire collection of yells and songs will be printed and distributed to the members. A nocturnal expedition on New Year's eve for practice and other purposes was meditated by the club, but on second and wiser thought the proposition was abandoned.

---

"Pa, what's a football coach?"
"An ambulance, I guess."—Ex.

* * * * *

Teacher: "Who was Alexander the Great?"
Pupil: "Leader of Alexander's Ragtime Band."

* * * * *

Passenger—"Conductor, can't you go any faster than this?"
Conductor—"Yes, but I've got to stay on my car."—Ex.

* * * * *

Soph—No, siree, my father never thrashed me in his life."
Teacher—Too bad! Too bad! Another wreck due to a misplaced switch.—Ex.

# BETA DELTA

(Paul H. Clyde, Secretary)

**Final Meeting of the 1912 Session.**

ON December 4th the Society held its final meeting of the 1912 session. At this meeting instead of the regular debate there was an exhibition of delivery in public speaking given by several of the members on interesting and well-known subjects. The following took part: Gordon Campbell, who gave a selection on war by Ruskin; Paul H. Clyde, who delivered a selection on the War with Napoleon by Fox; Fred Beckwith gave the speech of Antony from Julius Caesar; Robert O'Meara, and Norman Lyons, who volunteered in the place of Cassius, who was absent, gave the quarrel scene between Brutus and Cassius from Julius Caesar.

This meeting was one of the most interesting and successful of debates of those held last term. It was well attended and the interest taken in it was very great.

As a result of a motion which was passed unanimously at this meeting a member of the executive waited upon Miss Stewart, the librarian, on Christmas Eve, and presented her with a large box of Roger's Chocolates, with the season's greetings from the Society.

**First Session of 1913.**

The first meeting of the 1913 session will be held on Wednesday, January 15th. This meeting will be of unusual interest to the members, and it is hoped that there will be a large attendance.

It is also expected that the election of officers for the new session will be held on the following Wednesday. Following this there will be the inter-class debates for the championship of the school, that honour being now held by the boys who were members of Preliminary B last term. The series, it is thought, will be carried out in the same way as last year, namely each class choosing a team of debaters, who compete with the teams of the other classes; thus as each losing team falls out of the series it is at length decided who are the winners. These debates proved very interesting last year and aroused a great deal more interest in the Society, and so we hope that this year the members will enter into it with still more enthusiasm.

### Mayor Beckwith Medal.

After the championship series, the contest will be held for the Mayor Beckwith Medal, offered to the best debater in the Society. In this contest each boy speaks alone on his subject and not with a colleague as in the regular debates. The boys who will speak at the final meeting are chosen in a similar manner to those who take part in the championship contest.

The Society is now starting on the most important half of the 1912-13 session and it is hoped that every member will do his best to get all the good he possibly can out of the meetings, and by his effort get new members. We also hope that members who have not as yet taken any advantage of the opportunities to improve themselves in public speaking will this coming session make some effort to help themselves and the Society in this its main object.

---

### Queer Language

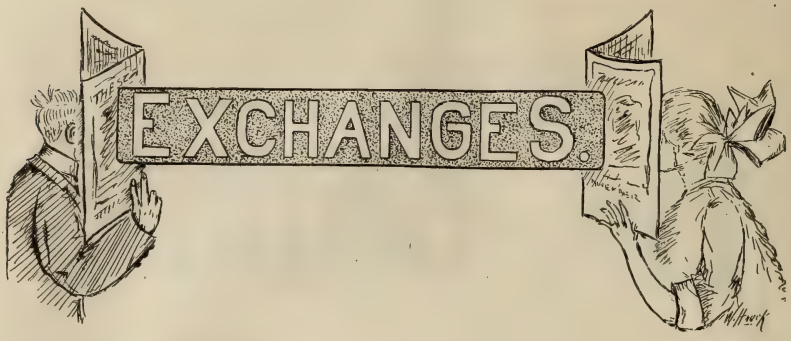
We'll begin with a box, and the plural is boxes,
But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes.
Then one fowl is goose, but two are called geese,
Yet the plural of moose should never be meese;
You may find a lone mouse or a whole lot of mice
But the plural of house is houses not hice.
If the plural of man is always called men,
Why shouldn't the plural of can be called cen?
The cow in the plural may be called cows or kine,
But the bow if repeated is never called bine.
And the plural of vow is vows, never vine,
And if I speak of a foot, and you show me your feet,
And if I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?
If one is a tooth, and the whole set are teeth,
Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth?
If the singular's this and the plural is these,
Should the plural of kiss be nick-named keese?
Then one may be that and three would be those,
Your hat in the plural would never be hose;
And the plural of cats is cats, not cose.
We speak of a brother and also of brethren,
But though we say mother, we never say methren.
Then masculine pronouns are he, his and him,
But imagine the feminine she, shis and shim.
So the English I think, you all will agree,
Is the most wonderful language you ever did see.

—Contributed by Prel. A.

# OUR TIN-GODS.

John Dowler is our third Tin God. He is not, as you may think from this statement, one of the household gods of the Ancients, preserved by modern inventions, but an ordinary mortal with no super-abundance of "tin," who is only Canned for Composition. It is believed that he was found in the wilds of North Victoria, to be exact, in a district called Saanich about twenty years ago. How and why he avoided the fate of becoming a "hayseed" has never been understood. After many years, the interior of his pithy head, besides cobwebs and the miscellaneous gathering common to lumber-rooms in the "Third Floor Back" has come to contain a stupendous amount of knowledge which is inconceivable to the ordinary members of an evolved society. John's keen interest in Drill, when under no compulsion, certainly proves the truth of Dryden's belief that "Great wits are sure to madness near allied," and his case only illustrates too clearly the thinness of the partition which divides inspired genius from drivelling imbecility. Dowler has done all that lies in his power to make soldiers of the Cadets whom he drills twice a week, and if any good ever comes of this deplorable waste of time and energy, nearly all the credit should be given to him, for it will have been by his untiring spirit and undying hope that these wonders have been wrought. It is an inspiring sight to see Major John striding about the school grounds with drawn sword, looking like a truculent pirate followed by a slovenly mob of martial scarecrows. Besides being Major of High School Cadets our hero is also Captain of the College Hockey team, and it is in him that we place our hopes that before long he will lead his men to a decided victory over all opponents.

JOHN DOWLER
MAJOR OF HIGH SCHOOL CADETS




THE following Exchanges were received during the month of December: "Vox Discipuli," Vancouver, B.C.; "McMaster University Monthly," Toronto; "The Crimson," Louisville, Kentucky; "The Booster," Clear Lake, South Dakota; "Totem," Seattle; "Lux Columbiana," New Westminster; "The Scrip," Soldon High School, St. Louis; "The Adjutant," San Rafael, California; "The Review," Galveston, Texas; "The Springfield H. S. Herald," Springfield, Ohio; "Tolo," Seattle; "The Black and Red," University School, Victoria, B. C.; "The Caliper," Stuyvesant High School, New York.

"Caliper," Stuyvesant H. S., New York.—Your cuts are very amusing; your artist is to be congratulated on his skill as a cartoonist. An all-round good paper.

"Tolo," Franklin H. S., Seattle.—You are as good as ever. Why not adopt a proper Exchange system.

"The Scrip," St. Louis, Md.—You are a very well gotten up book, well arranged, but a few more cuts would be an improvement. Your beautiful cover is not exactly seasonable.

"Vox Discipuli," Vancouver King Edward H. S.—You may be able to beat us at Rugby and basket-ball, but you will have to "go some" to beat our paper.

"Totem," Lincoln H. S., Seattle.—For style, good jokes and cuts and fine workmanship your paper is not to be beaten. You have a paper to be proud of.

"The Crimson," Louisville, Ky.—You are indeed a paper of merit. Your Exchange is especially to be admired. It is very thorough. The exchanging of jokes seems to be catching.

---

**Definitions.**

Simple Life—Doing your own lessons.

Strenuous Life—Doing someone else's lessons.

Modern Life—Getting someone else to do your lessons.—Ex.

## SHAM BATTLE

ON December 7th the members of the High School Cadet Battalion and the Lampson Street Cadets held a sham battle at Christmas Hill. Both the attacking and defending forces were composed of members drawn from the two above mentioned corps. Nearly sixty cadets were engaged in the bloodless contest. All cadets were in charge of Lieut. A. Mulcahy, R.C.G.A., assisted by Lieut. Wilby, C.S. Co. 1, and Mr. McDonald, M.A. The judges were Lieut. Col. John A. Hall, R.O., Maj. Snow, Cadet Inspector, Maj. Bryan, Corps of Guides, and Capt. Almon, R.C.G.A.

The attacking force under Major Dowler, assisted by Lieuts. Henderson and Lyons, were successful in cutting the Victoria and Sidney Railway and also in capturing Christmas Hill, which was defended by Capt. Yuill, assisted by Capt. Brown, of the H. S. Cadets, and Capt. Taylor of the Lampson Street Cadets.

Col. Alexander Roy, M.V.O., the new D.O.C., was present and when all had assembled on the Saanich Road, complimented the combatants upon their excellent showing.

Through some mischance certain paragraphs were omitted in the last edition of the "Camosun," in which the thanks of the Cadets were tendered to certain persons who had been prominent in their kindness to the corps. The Cadets wish to express their full appreciation of the kindness of the Daughters of the Empire in presenting the Ross Rifle and Medal for competition, and are certain that their gifts will have the desired effect of stimulating a lasting interest in rifle shooting.

With the beginning of the new term arrangements will be made for the usual winter gallery practice. The drill Hall can no longer be used, but the officer commanding R. C. G. A. has kindly offered an indoor rifle range at the Barracks for the Corps' special use.

The officers take pleasure in announcing that Mr. Jay, Chairman of the Board of School Trustees, has signed a bond for fifty new Ross Rifles. These will be supplied to "C" Company.

There will be communication drill at the Drill Hall every Saturday morning at 10 o'clock for the officers and sergeants and all others who wish to qualify for positions.

Victoria High School,
Victoria, B. C.,
November 28th, 1912.

Orders by Major Dowler, C.C., No. 112 Cadet Battalion:

1. To be secretary of the Cadet Band—Lieut. M. W. Henderson.

2. Promotions in "B" Company—To be sergeants, Major-Corp. Dorman, Cadet Ralph Reid, Cadet Marshall.

Promotions to date from November 1st, 1912.

(Signed) M. W. HENDERSON, Lieut.,
Adjutant.

## CADET BALL.

The second annual ball of the High School Cadets will be held at the Alexandra Club on Friday evening, February the Seventh.

Those who attended the last dance given by the Cadets will remember it as one of the most successful ever held in connection with the High School. The Cadets expect that the dance to be given on February the Seventh will eclipse by far their last effort. The ball will be held under the distinguished patronage of:—

His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Paterson.

The Honourable Sir Richard McBride, K.C.M.G., and Lady McBride.

Col. Alexandre Roy, D.O.C., and Madame Roy.

The Honourable Dr. Young and Mrs. Young.

Miss Thain's Orchestra will furnish the music for the regular dances, while the band of the Corps, under Bandmaster Plowright, will play the extras.

RESOLUTIONS THAT ARE NEVER MADE

I SWEAR—

TO GIVE HIGH MARKS
TO EXCUSE ALL ABSENCES AND TARDINESS
NEVER TO BE CROSS
NEVER TO SEND ANYONE TO THE DETENTION ROOM
NEVER TO GIVE ANY HOME WORK
ETC., ETC.

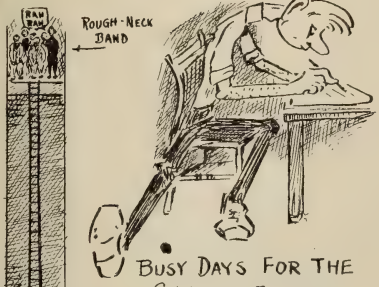
FACULTY

RESOLUTIONS THAT ARE NEVER KEPT

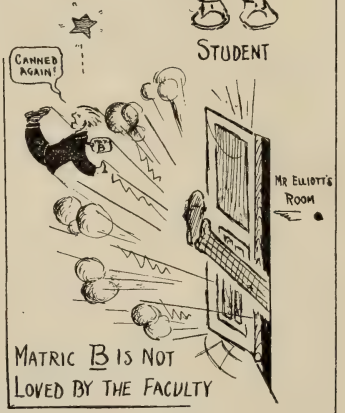
I SWEAR—

TO LOVE MY TEACHER
TO STUDY 4 HRS. EVERY NIGHT
TO CUT OUT CIGARETTES BOOZE BILLIARDS JOY-RIDING LOUD SOX LOUD TIES
NEVER TO BE LATE OR ABSENT
ETC., ETC.

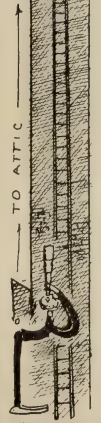
STUDENT




BUSY DAYS FOR THE CAMOSUN EDITORS

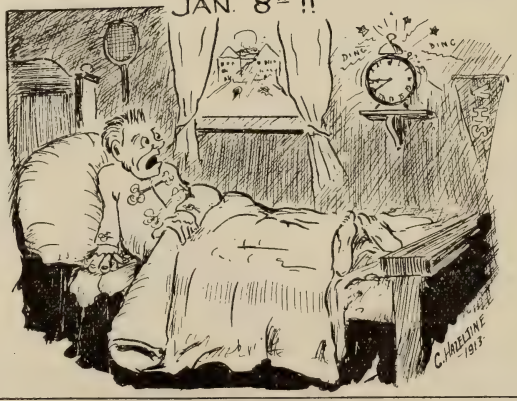


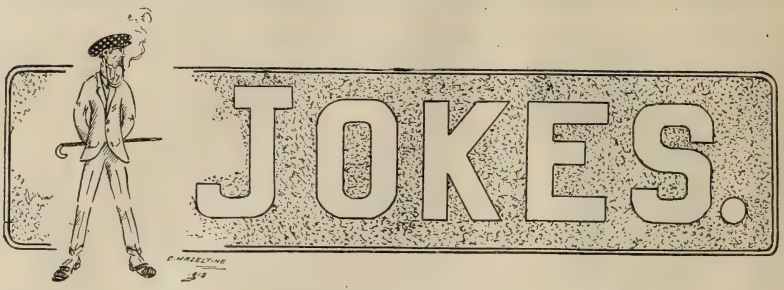

MATRIC B IS NOT LOVED BY THE FACULTY




MR WOOD - TRYING TO DISCOVER THE CAUSE OF THE THUNDERING ABOVE

JAN. 8TH !!






"I hear Freddie has gone into real estate."
"Yes; we buried him last week."—Ex.

* * * * *

**This Joke Is Old Enough to Walk.**

Domestic Science Recipe:—Skidoo Pudding: Take twenty-three eggs and beat it.

* * * * *

"Why did the salt-shaker?" "Because he saw the spoon-holder and the lemon-squeezer."—Ex.

* * * * *

Pupil (translating)—"Les chevaux partirent"—the hair was parted. —Ex.

* * * * *

The inventor of a new feeding bottle for infants sent out the following among his directions for using: "When the baby is done drinking it must be unscrewed and laid in a cool place under the hydrant. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk, it should be boiled."—Ex.

* * * * *

He (passionately)—"I would give my life for you, dearest!"
She (calculatingly)—"Are you insured?"

* * * * *

Diana—"Oh father, I have had such a lovely walk!"
Father—"Did you go alone?"
Diana—"Of course."
Father—"Then how is it that you went out with an umbrella and come back with a cane?"

* * * * *

**His Explanation**

A Scotchman visiting in America stood gazing at a fine statue of George Washington, when an American approached.

"That was a great and good man, Sandy," said the American; a lie never passed his lips."

"Weel," said the Scot, "I praysume he talked through his nose like the rest of ye."—(Ladies' Home Journal).

# NEWSSTAND

## WITH THE FRESHIES.

Dosey Newitt, who erstwhile attended classes here, has found the work too oppressive this year, but intends to continue his studies later. We all miss his jovial presence and never-failing good humour.

Miss Marjorie Tait has returned to swell our numbers. We are pleased to see her again.

Miss H——y (discussing a story)—"Then, what important part does the horse play in the story?"

E——y (looking puzzled)—"Er—er—(with emotion)—he was dead!"

Our friend Roy sems ambitious to start the New Year aright. The first lecture in English wound up with his depreciation of our course of stuffing. What matters it so long as we discover a B.A. degree before death!

Professor in English—Name a monk of the thirteenth century and one of his works.

Miss S-ll-van—His name was Om and he wrote the "Omelet."

Miss Lenora (Mag?) Smith (Arts '16) gave a display of her muscular activity a week ago, lifting chairs with one hand and desks with another. She was assisted by the girls of the First Year in emptying the room of all movable articles including our honourable reputation. The way the coal skuttled out of the window was surprising. Never mind, girls, you were the only ones that stayed in the room at noon hour, and monopolised the stove. This event reminds us of last year's friend, Eric Elkington, of aquatic fame.

Neil—"Did you know Bill had stopped school?"

Florence—"Yes, I knew it."

Neil—"I guess Leila Newitt better."

---

## MATRIC C.

We have all come back with good resolutions to work; not because we are altogether in love with the prospect but there's an examination looming up ahead, black and gloomy; and to pass that means work, so here's to "six months hard labour,"—perhaps.

Florence is seriously considering getting an enclosure of lattice-work built around her desk as proof against the fatherly attentions of Francis. She does want to study so badly and Francis' demonstrations of affection will not allow her to do so.

Hazeltine wishes to take back what he said about the Mitchell sisters flirting. He has cause to think otherwise.

The "stair-case waltz" seemed to find favour with many of the young folk on January 3rd, but the "cosy-corner two-step" claimed to a great extent a youth among the Freshies and a maiden in Matric C.

Warnicker, who was that girl at the rink the other night? Could she skate? Well, I guess!

Smic got her bawling out all right! all right! Eh! What!

From his seat in the front of a motor car a member of the "Camosun" staff reports some strange conversations, such as: "Voice—Winnie, my ear is cold!" Winnie—"I can't help it, where's your cap?" Voice—"I don't want my cap." Listener in front seat busied himself elsewhere at this point, the ensuing conversation proving slack and uninteresting.

---

## TO JUNIOR B.

Two voices are there; laughing merrily,
Happy, lighthearted. Each a mighty voice;
In both from day to day thou did'st rejoice,
They were thy chosen music Junior B.
There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against him but hast vainly striven,
Thou to Detention threatened to be driven,
Where not a scholar's murmur's heard by thee.
Of one deep bliss thy souls have been bereft,
No longer notes in Grammar may be left;
For high souled Maids, what sorrow would it be,
That the closing bell should tinkle as before,
And whispering voices welcome from the door,
And in Detention thou should'st sadly be.

—By E. H.

---

## JUNIOR C's NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS FOR 1914.

We, the members of Junior C, do most humbly resolve:—

(1) To study at least six hours a night.

(2) To stay at home at least eight nights a week, sometimes more.

(3) Not to go to the Arena or Moving-picture Shows, but to devote our spare time to our studies.

(4) Not to chew any more gum, gum-drops, hard chocolates, strings, paper, pencils, rubbers or books—it's wasteful.

(5) Not to whisper, giggle, laugh or stamp our feet in class—it annoys our teachers.

We also resolve to carry out any other resolutions any one might suggest to us any time in the next six months.

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## PRELIMINARY A.

Ha-yard was quite at home when by a few flourishes of the red and black chalk he became Uncle Tom. Indeed the return to his natural environment affected him so much that he forgot to do his drawing exam.

By the way, who did Miss E. call under the mistletoe.

Truly it was a sight for sore eyes to see a certain fair damsel of Prel. A glide up and down the room on the last day. To the boys, after a week of strenuous exertion (?), it was a sight never to be forgotten; their eyes were healed and their tongues for once silenced; a wonderful sight never to be forgotten.

It is safe to say that no one watched the exit of the old leap year more excitedly than the nine solitary boys of Prel. A. Throughout the whole of last term they were in perpetual dread, even the noble instructor was somtimes ill at ease. Who says there was not method in their madness?

---

## PRELIMINARY B.

In translating from English into Latin, Godwin came to the word "after" and got stuck. Mr. Hope, trying to help him out, asked:— "How do you write the time of day it is now?" Answer by Godwin: "Two-thirty P.M." Mr. Hope: "What does "P.M." stand for?" Godwin: "Post Mortem."

---

## COMMERCIAL B.

### "Sotto Voce" (With apologies to "The Week.")

That Robert Bruce should not have said Sir Walter Scott was an Italian.

That he ought to take another name when he says it.

That the "Brown Brothers" are not fond of English Literature.

That the girls of this class should organize a basketball team.

That the boys should do the same.

That to laugh at Mr. Mac's jokes is good policy.

That we advise all other classes to try it.

That Commercial B girls ought to give the pupils of A a chance to use the typewriters.

We are sorry to see that "Mutt" is away. However, Jeff does not seem to be lonely without her.

We would advise the School Board to supply a new lid for Commercial A's stove. The antics of the present one are very distressing to the fair (?) maids of Commercial B.

Will the pupils of Commercial B kindly hold their heads for a few moments in order to think of a class yell. One is needed badly. If you have a good school yell bring it to the Rooters' Club via Mr. Yates. Wake up Commercial B!

Tenders are open for resin to be supplied to Prof. Myberg. Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

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### Narrow Escape.

Two energetic young motor enthusiasts narrowly escaped bringing to a sudden and violent end their promising young career. About 2.30 in the morning, automobile No. 2622 with two inmates was stopped short in its mad career down Rockland avenue by colliding suddenly and violently with something carelessly left in the roadway—a small yellow straw. The sudden jar threw the young lady into the road, where she lay a snivelling, shapeless mass of humanity in the knee-deep mud, crying loudly for release. The young man, however, was deaf to her cries, being stretched out under the motor calling down curses on the foul fiend who dropped that fatal straw. We'll not repeat here what else he said, 'twould not be wise. Sufficient to say that after strenuous endeavours the "blue" air cleared; the motor responded to the touch of the master hand and the damsel was rescued from her ignominous position and the peaceful (?) ride was resumed.

---

### Protecting Himself

"You admit then," inquired the Magistrate severely, "that you stole the pig?"

"I have to, Boss," said the prisoner.

"Very well," returned the Magistrate, with decision, "there has been a lot of pig-stealing going on around here lately and I am going to make an example of you, or none of us will be safe."—(Ladies Home Journal.)

* * * * *

### Preferred the Healthy Kind

"Do you wish the cured bacon?" asked the butcher of the young bride.

"Well no," she answered; "I'd rather have some that has never been ill."—(Ladies' Home Journal.)

* * * * *

Mother (to Johnny, who has been to church)—"Johnny, what was the text?"

Johnny (who always pays attention)—"Don't be scared, I'll send back your bed-quilt."

Mother—"What!"

Johnny—"Don't be scared, I'll send back your bed-quilt."

Mother—"That's a new one on me. Don't think I ever heard that text before."

In the afternoon Mother met the clergyman and begged him to tell her what his morning's text had been. The clergyman looked surprised, but told her. It was: "Be ye not afraid; I will send you a comforter."

COLLEGE
# Boots

See the new ultra-fashionable College Boots for young women. Lots of style; right to the last detail. Tan and Black Calf

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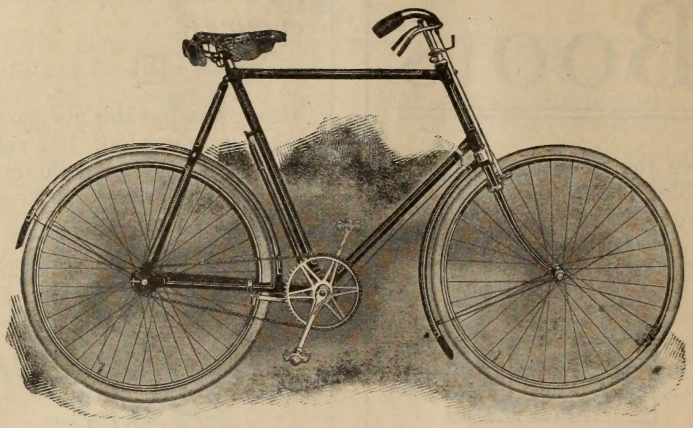

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